

## The Critic

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### Special Notice to Subscribers.

In the confusion caused by the rush of renewals and new subscriptions at the beginning of the year, mistakes are almost unavoidable. The publishers of THE CRITIC would therefore esteem it a favor if readers of this paper, whose subscriptions are about to expire, would *renew promptly*. To every subscriber who will send three dollars in renewal of his subscription *one week* before the date of expiration printed on his wrapper, they will send, on request, one of the Commonsense Binders advertised on another page. This offer is good till February 1.

### Authors at Home.\* IV.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN BEACON STREET.†

'IT IS STRANGE,' remarks Lady Wilde, 'how often a great genius has given a soul to a locality.' We may prefer our own illustration to hers, and remember in simpler fashion what Judd's 'Margaret' did for a little village in Maine, or what Howe has lately done for a little Western town, instead of insisting that Walter Scott created Scotland or Byron the Rhine. But the remark suggests, perhaps, quite as forcibly, what locality has done for genius. The majority of writers who have tried to deal with people, whether as novelists, poets, or essayists, localize their human beings until 'local color' becomes one of the most essential factors of their success. Sometimes, like Judd and Howe, they make the most of a very narrow environment; sometimes, like Cable, they make their environment include a whole race, till the work becomes historical as well as photographic; sometimes, like Mrs. Jackson, they travel for a new environment; sometimes, like Howells and James, they travel from environment to environment, and write now of Venice, now of London, now of Boston, with skill equal to the ever-varying opportunity; sometimes, like George Eliot writing 'Romola,' or Harriet Prescott Spofford writing 'In a Cellar,' they stay at home and give wonderful pictures of a life and time they have never known, compelled, at least, however, to seek the environment of a library. Even Shakspeare, who was certainly not a slave to his surroundings, sought local color from books to an extent that we realize on seeing Irving's elaborate efforts to reproduce it. Even Hawthorne, escaping from the material world whenever he could into the realm of spirit and imagination, made profound studies of Salem or Italy the basis from which he flew to the empyrean. To understand perfectly how fine such work as this is, one must have, one's self, either from experience or study, some knowledge of the localities so admirably reproduced.

The genius of Oliver Wendell Holmes is almost unique

in the fact that, dealing almost exclusively with human beings—not merely human nature exhibited in maxims—rarely wandering into discussions of books or art or landscape,—it is almost entirely independent of any environment whatever. He has been anchored to one locality almost as securely as Judd was to New England or Howe to the West; for a chronological record of the events of his life makes no mention of any journeys, except the two years and a half as medical student in Europe, fifty years ago. He spends every winter in Boston, every summer at the Beverly Farms, which, like Nahant, may almost be called 'cold roast Boston'; yet during the fifty years he has been writing from Boston, he has neither sought his material from his special environment nor tried to escape from it. It is human nature, not Boston nature, that he has drawn for us. Once, in 'Elsie Venner,' there is an escape like Hawthorne's into the realm of the psychological and weird; several times in the novels there are photographic bits of a New England 'party,' or of New England character; but the great mass of the work which has appealed to so wide a class of readers with such permanent power appeals to them because, dealing with men and women, it deals with no particular men and women. Indeed, it is hardly even men, women and children that troop through his pages; but rather man, woman and child. His human beings are no more Bostonians than the ducks of his 'Aviary' are Charles River ducks. They are ducks. He happened to see them on Charles River; nay, within the still narrower limits of his own window-pane; still, they are ducks, and not merely Boston ducks. The universality of his genius is wonderful, not because he exhibits it in writing now a clever novel about Rome, now a powerful sketch of Montana, and anon a remarkable book about Japan; but it is wonderful because it discovers within the limits of Boston only what is universal. To understand perfectly how fine such work as this is, you need never have been anywhere, yourself, or have read any other book; any more than you would have to be one of the 'Boys of '29' to appreciate the charming class-poems that have been delighting the world, as well as the 'Boys,' for fifty years. In 'Little Boston' he has, it is true, impaled some of the characteristics which are generally known as Bostonian; but his very success in doing this is of a kind to imply that he had studied his Bostonian only in Paris or St. Louis; for the peculiar traits described are those no Bostonian is supposed to be able to see for himself, still less to acknowledge. If Dr. Holmes were to spend a winter in New York, he would carry back with him, not material for a 'keen satire on New York society,' but only more material of what is human. Nay, he would not probably carry back with him anything at all which he had not already found in Boston, since he seems to have found everything there.

So there is no need of knowing how or where Dr. Holmes lives, or what books he has read, to understand and enjoy his work. But all the same, one likes to know where he lives, from a warm, affectionate, personal interest in the man; just as we like to know of our dearest friends, not only that they dwell in a certain town, but that their parlor is furnished in red, and that the piano stands opposite the sofa. Of his earliest home, at Cambridge, he has himself told us in words which we certainly will not try to improve upon. Later came the home of his early married life in Montgomery Place, of which he has said: 'When he entered that door, two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be longer than his own.' A few brief, half mystical allusions such as this are all that we gain from his writings about his personal surroundings, as a few simple allusions to

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† To be concluded January 10.

certain streets and buildings are all that localize the 'Autocrat' as a Bostonian. For the man who has almost exceptionally looked into his own heart to write has found in his heart, as he has in his city, never what was personal or special, always what was human and universal. But it will be no betrayal of trust for us to follow out the dim outline a little, and tell how the five shadows flitted together from Montgomery Place to Charles Street. Then, after another dozen years, still another change seemed desirable. Dr. Holmes feels as few men do the charm of association, and the sacredness of what is endeared by age; but the very roundness of his nature which makes him appreciate not only what is human, but everything that is human, makes him keenly alive to the charm of what is new if it is beautiful. A rounded nature finds it hard to be consistent. He wrote once: 'It is a great happiness to have been born in an old house haunted by recollections,' and he has asserted more than once the dignity of having, not only ancestors, but ancestral homes; yet if we were to remind him of this in his beautiful new house with all the very latest luxuries and improvements, we can imagine the kindly smile with which he would gaze round the great, beautiful room, with its solid woods and plate-glass windows, and say gently: 'I know I ought to like the other, and I do, but how can I help liking this, too?' Yes, the charming new architecture and the lovely new houses were too much for them; they would flit again,—though with a sigh. Not out of New England,—no indeed! not away from Boston—certainly not. Hardly, indeed, out of Charles Street; for although a 'very plain brown stone front would do,' provided its back windows looked upon the river, the river they must have.

Dr. Holmes wanted, not big front windows from which to study the Bostonians, but a big bay-window at the back, from which he could see the ducks and gulls and think how like to human nature are all their little lives and loves and sorrows. So little is there in his work of what is personal, that it is possible there are people—in England—who really think the 'Autocrat' dwells in the boarding-house of his books. But those who believe with him that as a rule genius means ancestors, are not surprised to know that Dr. Holmes himself has many more than the average allowance of ancestors, and that, as a descendant of Dudley, Bradstreet, the Olivers, Quinceys and Jacksons, his 'hut of stone' fronts on one of Boston's most aristocratic streets, though the dear river behind it flows almost close to its little garden gate. Under his windows all the morning troop the loveliest children of the city in the daintiest apparel, wheeled in the costliest of perambulators by the Frenchiest and most white-capped of nurses. Past his door every afternoon the 'swellest' turn-outs of the great city pass on their afternoon parade. Near his steps, at the hour for afternoon tea, the handsomest *couples* come to anchor and deposit their graceful freight. But this is not the panorama that the Doctor himself is watching. Whether in the beautiful great dining-room, where he is first to acknowledge the sway at breakfast, luncheon and dinner, of a still gentler Autocrat than himself, or in the library up-stairs which is the heart of the home, he is always on the river side of the house. The pretty little reception-room down-stairs on the Beacon Street side, he will tell you himself, with a merry smile, is a good place for your 'things'; you yourself must come directly up into the library, and look out on the river, broad enough just here to seem a beautiful lake. I know of no other room in the heart of a great city where one so completely forgets the nearness of the world as in that library. Even if the heavy doors stand open into the hall, one forgets the front of the house and thinks only of the beautiful expanse of water that

seems to shut off all approach save from the gulls. News from the humming city must come to you, it would seem, only in sound of marriage or funeral bells in the steeples of the many towns, distinct but distant, looming across the water. And this, not because the talk by that cheerful fire is of the 'Over-Soul' or the 'Infinite,' so unworldly, so introspective, so wholly of things foreign or intellectual. Nothing could be more human than the chat that goes on there, or the laugh that rings out so cheerily at such frequent intervals. Even now, with the shadow of a deep personal grief over the hearthstone, a noble cheerfulness that will not let others feel the shadow keeps the room bright though the heart be heavy. Are there pictures? There is certainly one picture; for although a fine Copley hangs on one wall, and one of the beautiful framed embroideries (for which Dr. Holmes's daughter-in-law is famous) on another, who will not first be conscious that in a certain corner hangs the original portrait of Dorothy Q.? Exactly as it is described in the poem, who can look at it without breathing gratefully

O Damsel Dorothy, Dorothy Q.,  
Great is the gift we owe to you,

and thinking with a shudder that if,  
a hundred years ago,

Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
there would have been no Dr. Holmes! Somebody there might have been; but though he had been only 'one-tenth another to nine-tenths' him, assuredly the loss of even a tenth would have been a bitter loss.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

## Reviews

### Miss Thomas's Poems.\*

TURNING carelessly over our new number of *Scribner's Monthly* in the early summer of 1881, we happened to glance at a few verses selected from the MSS. of a young lady residing in Geneva, Ohio. Indifferent at first, we passed rapidly into admiration, and from admiration into enthusiasm. The sweet, bright fancy, the loving observation of nature, the singularly pure and unaffected poetical style which the new writer brought to her work, gave it the charm of freshness, while its faint suggestions of remembered song, its blended aroma of Herrick and Wordsworth, Waller and Emerson, added the sense of sweet familiarity—the very conjunction of qualities which gives its value to the finest music. It is impossible for the celestial bosom of a reviewer to be agitated by a passion so ignoble as that of envy; but the despairing admiration which filled us was certainly envy in its sublimated form. Whatever poetical endowment Miss Thomas might lack—and no special lack was indicated—she at least possessed style, that indefinable quality which no culture can bestow. To friends we declared our conviction that this young lady from Ohio would become a classic, if only the promise of the bud were not untimely checked.

It is too early to claim the fulfilment of this prediction, for Miss Thomas's powers have not yet attained their maturity. But at least she has made her way; her contributions in prose and verse to *THE CRITIC* and the magazines have found an audience of their own. She is the humming-bird of poets; darting hither and thither on bright wings among bright flowers, now and again drinking deep of the hidden sweetness, but never long at rest. She studies nature as a young mother studies the face and form of her infant; sometimes with wonder, sometimes even with amusement, but always with love and pleasure. This attitude is shown perhaps even more in Miss Thomas's prose sketches than in her verses. Add

\* A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



a swift, sportive fancy, bewitching as the 'making-believe' of a child, yet obedient to reins of gossamer as Mab's own team, and you have the compound of fire and air that men call Edith Thomas. Our space will not permit of much quotation, but this one sonnet we may at least indulge in.

## EPHEMERA.

Midges and moths—ay, all you restless things,  
That dance and tourney in the fields of air:  
You, Psyche's postman, trim and debonair,  
With eye-like freckles on your bronzed wings;  
You, candle-elves, whose strange emblazonings  
With sign of death our ancient gossips scare,  
Or who, when sleeps the humming-bird, repair  
With stealthy beaks to drain the honey-springs,—  
Your secret's out! I know you for the souls  
Of all light loves that ever caused heartache,  
Still dancing suit as some new beauty toles!  
Nor can you e'er your flitting ways forsake,  
Till the just winds strip off your painted stoles,  
And sere leaves follow in your downward wake.

Exquisite, too, are the sonnets entitled 'Delay,' 'Frost,' 'On the Sonnet,' and 'Poverty.' The last-named is especially fine, and worthy of a place among the best English examples. 'Poppies in Our Wheat' and 'A Bee in My Bonnet' are charming bits; while 'The Stirrup Cup' reminds us vaguely of Beranger or Thackeray. 'Patmos' and 'The Refuge' breathe a devout love of nature; but we confess a disappointment in the poem that lends its name to the collection. 'Love that hath us in the net' is a song our humming-bird wots not of, seemingly, hitherto. When that time comes, we may look to hear a deeper, richer note than any the poet has yet sounded. Meantime, *tirar-lirra!* and *vogue la galère!*—In its bright binding of rose or green, and white and gold, the pretty volume strikes us as most appropriately costumed.

## "Episodes of my Second Life."\*

This is a curious title, which the author explains by saying that he was born again when he left Italy in 1836 to come to America. It is a book of the reminiscences of a man who has lived through a great variety of important events, and who has been brought in contact with many distinguished men. Great names shine out everywhere through the pages. The reader wanders from Edward Everett to Cavour, from Longfellow to Mazzini, from Emerson to Thackeray, from the outbreak in Italy to the American Civil War, and back again to the Schleswig-Holstein War; then passes two years in the East, ten months in South America, and a summer in Russia. Twenty-five years in the service of the London *Times* ought alone to provide considerable suggestion for a book by itself, and the 'Episodes' are pleasant to look over, though for a collection of 'episodes' the book is certainly very long. One of the most enjoyable things in it, to the American mind, is the scene with Mr. Stanton. The author writes of his coming to see the American Civil War for the benefit of the *Times*:

I had no prejudice against the Americans, among whom I had spent three of the best years of my life. But with respect to their civil war I could be no partisan. My only wish was that peace should be made on the terms of a friendly but thorough and enduring separation of the contending parties; and in so far I was an out-and-out secessionist. The Yankees as a nation had become a danger to Europe. Split up into two or more nations, whatever mischief they might do to one another, they would soon be harmless to their neighbors. These, however, were only my wishes,—very different from my hopes.

After this naïve statement of political sympathies, it is certainly delicious to find him appealing to Mr. Lin-

coln for a pass to the headquarters of the Federal Army, with assurance that the *Times* 'harbored no ill-will to the Federal Cause, in proof of which it was now sending out as Russell's successor, not another Englishman, actuated by ungenerous John-Bullish prejudices, but an Italian, a neutral and a patriot, who had just had a hand in the unification of his own country, and was therefore not likely to wish for the disintegration of the great Republic.' Mr. Lincoln turned him over to his Secretary of War, and the reader's delight is unspeakable when he is told that although Lord Lyons, the English, and Bertinatti, the Italian Minister, spoke for the correspondent, 'Stanton remained unmoved.' 'No man from Printing-House Square,' he said, 'shall ever come within sight of the Stars and Stripes banner on the battle-field;' and the discomfited 'neutral' had to give up the contest and seek the excitements of Continental disturbances.

## Sidney Lanier.\*

How near may a man approach to genius without absolutely possessing it? He may possess great abilities, wonderful musical skill, a heart attuned to all sorts of æolian rhythms, a knowledge of the scientific laws of this and that, a power over speech that may cast and mould it in a delightful form; but then? Is this genius? Does the thing, if he be a poet, sing in your ear, tremble among the subtler chords of your heart, decline to leave your memory, communicate that rich sense of poetry which—be it in single line or in severed stanza—abides with you like a perfume, and stamps its author as one touched by the divine madness? Has the pillar of stone been hewn into a lucid image breathing light and beauty and sweetness, with all its stoniness gone and all its earthiness? Is the canvas a mere phantasm of disordered color, or is it full of harmonious distances and perfect touches, few but celestial, telling that the painter has dreamt of heaven?

All these questions come involuntarily to one's lips as one reads the beautiful and touching memorial of Sidney Lanier, prepared by Dr. William Hayes Ward, and edited by the poet's widow. Here, indeed, we have the lovely but shattered image, the rich but riven harp, the touched but never-finished chord, the lighted but soon-extinguished torch. Here are skill, technique, metre with its edges burning, pictures crowded and exultant, lines breathed out of the flute of Marsyas even while their author was being flayed alive by want and disease; the New South, with all its kindled ambitions and susceptibilities and yearnings. Lyre and pyre went together most bitterly in this case: the slow combustion of consumption singing itself out in songs snatched literally from the burning. All was over with Sidney Lanier at thirty-nine; yet his remarkable imagination had already startled us in 'Corn,' made us wonder in the 'Hymns of the Marshes,' and sent us tripping and dancing over the 'Clover.' His poems as a whole are so entirely unlike the poems of the day, that one has no standard to judge them by. They recall Swinburne, but only in the astonishing manipulation of metre and cadence and involution. We seem to hear through them the susurrus of the flute which the poet handled so magically; they are set to a music, they are wedded to an imagery, of their own; forceful, plaintive at times, intellectual to a degree that reminds one of the Emersonian manner without the Emersonian tartness. In them the old sentimental love-sick South is no more; there is a new juice and sap, a vivid but controlled imagination, unknown to the grasshopper-songsters of twenty years ago. The old coleopter has died, and in its stead has come a thing Psyche-winged and fair, full

\* *Episodes of My Second Life.* By Antonio Gallenza (L. Mariotti). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

\* *Poems of Sidney Lanier.* Edited by his Wife. With a Memorial by William Hayes Ward. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

of music and longing. The book is not so much a lament—a Linos-song—for departing summer, as a prophecy of impending springtime. Since Poe, the South has had no such singer.

"The Making of a Man."\*

TO PAINT the development of a young, strong, ardent soul, filled with something akin to genius, into a poor, warped, miserable creature, through the mingled influence of ambition and success, required skill; such skill was evident in the novel 'His Majesty, Myself.' To take this poor warped creature at what might not inaptly be called the height of his degradation, and make a man of him, required greater skill; such greater skill is brought into noble relief in the finer story of 'The Making of a Man.' We have had novels of Love, novels of Destiny, novels of Circumstance, novels of Character and of Temperament; but 'The Making of a Man' is a novel of Opportunity. It is a sympathetic study of the Napoleons of everyday life—the little great men, born with talent, dowered with ambition, gifted with the golden power to win from others unquestioning loyalty, yet pitifully petty in all that does not concern the personal advancement which is their passion and their dream. Such men are only dazzled and spoiled by some kinds of success, but they are never improved by failure or redeemed by argument. The author of 'His Majesty, Myself' allowed his little great Thirlmore to be spoiled by success; when he wanted to redeem him, he did not crush him with failure that should teach humility. He lets him fail, and sink through the consciousness of it to lower depths; then he rescues him by giving him his opportunity. That opportunity was the War; giving the man of splendid capacity the chance to work out his genius in something more substantial than eloquent words. The wife left at home is softened, too, by absence and by renewed belief in the husband who had disappointed her, and the whole story is one of great power and earnestness and tenderness, made spirited and entertaining by such episodes as the interview with Hezekiah Grumbles. It is Hezekiah who gives Thirlmore his opportunity, and his endeavor to 'put it' to the man he had adored in college and to the lady who did not believe in Providence but might help Aurora Ann 'to—to—*evolve*, you know,' is a masterpiece of tact and knowledge of human nature. The author takes the singular loyalty that the great and selfish Napoleons inspire as the keynote to his belief in them. He puts it powerfully when he says: 'Surely, even the Devil himself must have certain of the qualities of the Almighty, if he awakens a loyalty to himself more single-hearted than that which is paid to the King of kings;' but he puts it nobly, persuasively and inspiringly in the entire story, which is finer than anything he had given us before, because more human, more encouraging, more helpful.

† "Boston Monday Lectures."†

NOTHING need now be said concerning the Rev. Joseph Cook as a lecturer or as a thinker. He has rare oratorical gifts and he has a versatile mind. Few men could do what he has done in the way of presenting carefully formed opinions on a large number of the freshest topics of the day in the field of speculative thought and practical reform. He is a prodigious student in his way, has a rare faculty for giving systematic treatment to a wide variety of topics, and has awakened an interest in theology and philosophy as no one else has done. That he is often superficial

need not be said; that he is dogmatic is well understood. Whatever his faults, however, he has done one excellent work in giving a more scientific and philosophical direction to popular theology. Though keeping close to the old theological landmarks, he has restated the main positions of theology with a fresh purpose and in modern phraseology.

After a tour round the world he returns to Boston laden with fresh materials. The present volume is the first result of that tour, and is devoted mainly to a discussion of 'advanced thought' in Europe, especially in England, Germany, Italy and Greece. The other leading topic of the lectures and preludes is the 'new orthodoxy.' Spiritualism, intemperance, civil service reform and Christian missions also receive attention. An appendix containing five lectures continues the same line of thought. The leading purpose of the book, however, is to present an account of theological learning in Europe at the present time. Mr. Cook believes it is most hopeful for orthodoxy as he understands it. Other writers do not give so favorable an account of it as he does, but he presents testimony that is of interest in behalf of his own position. Positive and forcible in whatever he says, Mr. Cook sometimes accepts what he wishes to believe is true without the most ample evidence therefor. He returns to Professor Zöllner's studies in Spiritualism, but with somewhat more of caution than formerly, and with a shade less of dogmatism if that is possible. He gives the 'new orthodoxy' the benefit of his criticism, repudiating it with much zeal, and pronouncing it to be sadly in error. This is, however, one of the most valuable of Mr. Cook's volumes of lectures, because of its fresh matter and because of the larger experience the lecturer brings to his topics. Whatever view one may take of his theological speculations, Mr. Cook is a strong and suggestive lecturer on the subjects he handles, and he says what is sure to arrest attention.

Max Müller's "Biographical Essays."\*

MAX MÜLLER turns aside from his graver studies to sketch for us seven of his personal friends, all of them in some manner connected with those studies in an intimate manner. He displays in this volume the same generosity of sentiment we have seen in his previous books, and the same broad apprehension of the fundamental truths of religion. He writes of those who sincerely accept other religions than his own, not merely with toleration, but in the spirit of liberality and sympathy. He sees what is good in faiths and in men without prejudice. He writes of Rammohun Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen with a cordial appreciation of the work they did in India, and with the utmost fairness toward their doctrines. Those who have been interested in these two men will read Professor Müller's sketches with a keen interest. He also gives an account of one of their co-workers in religious reform, who has kept close to the Vedas, while they departed from the faith of their fathers. The next two essays are devoted to two Japanese priests, who spent several years with Professor Müller for the purpose of translating the Buddhist sacred books into the language of their country. One of these young men died of consumption before his studies were completed. These sketches are of interest as showing the new purpose growing up in eastern Asia, and as giving insight into Japanese life and thought. The concluding essays are devoted to Mohl and Kingsley. No one who has read Müller's books will forget his capacity to make comparative theology a subject of living interest. The present volume does not display his learning or his special studies as they

\* The Making of a Man. By the Rev. W. M. Baker. \$1.25 Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Boston Monday Lectures. Occident, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Biographical Essays. By F. Max Müller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



appear in his 'Chips,' but the line of thought is the same, and the general purpose unchanged. He turns from the faiths of the past, and their affinities, to those men of our own day who are helping to bring the great religions closer to each other. In a simple way this book is helping on the same broad acceptance of religions which is more or less clearly indicated in Müller's previous books. Abating nothing of his Christian faith, he treats Buddhist and Brahman as his brethren, and as seeking the same divine end in religion at which he aims himself.

#### More About Words.\*

A NEW edition of this book, from new plates, with revision and enlargement, is on our table. Shall we call the volume a boiling down, or a *bouillon*, of books innumerable, wherein the thousandth-time-told tale of the vagaries of pronunciation and etymology, of meaning and usage, is told for the thousand-and-first time? Dr. Mathews, to be sure, tells the story amusingly and agreeably; he has been a faithful *glaneur* in the fields of Müller and Farrar, Earle and Whitney, Marsh and Trench, and his pages are lit up with more than sporadic radiance from Latham, Wedgewood, and Horne Tooke. But with all this we must decline to follow him into the realms of etymology and 'impropriety,' in both of which he treads on quicksand. For example (p. 453) 'whether' is said to be a 'contraction' of 'which of either' (!) and 'none' (p. 457) of 'no one'—statements which no student of Anglo-Saxon would have made. We think, moreover, that he goes entirely astray in his strictures on 'have got,' 'wearies,' 'it were,' 'had have,' 'had better,' 'had rather,' 'no' for 'not,' 'supplement' as a verb, 'leaves' as an intransitive, 'fare thee well' (in which Byron is perfectly correct), 'try and' (used constantly by Matthew Arnold) for 'try to,' two good 'ones,' 'quite,' and other points. Much of the criticism here is trivial or unintelligible. Dr. Mathews is on dangerous ground when he criticises Professor Whitney's English. His book, however, is full of information, quotation, and anecdote, and is not more than usually inaccurate for a popular compend of a non-professional man. The danger from such books is that they are too glib, garrulous, and omniscient, and tempt people to neglect more serious reading.

#### Recent Fiction.

'A MODERN QUIXOTE,' by August Berkeley, illustrated, (American Publishing Co., Hartford), is certainly modern, but not at all Quixotic. It is almost a pity that mere pranks and accidents and extravagantly 'funny' episodes should be labelled with any suggestion of the Spanish knight who is almost as much a type of gentleness as of absurdity. Whoever buys 'A Modern Quixote' will get for his money a great deal of funniness of the type which dwells a good deal on such resources as mothers-in-law for elements of wit. The sub-title, 'My Wife's Fool of a Husband,' gives a better clew to the aim of the story; for although we do not doubt that a great many copies of the book will be sold—possibly hundreds of thousands,—it is safe to predict that it will never become a classic.

THERE is a little of everything in the story of 'Mildred at Home,' by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) First we have a remarkable little girl devoted to the conversion of souls, though we distrust her father's religion a little when we find him quoting to his servants 'Six days shalt thou labor' as a verse insisting upon work, and reserving for his family 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.' Then follow a few scenes to illustrate the proper way to bring up children, and at last we have escapes from Indians and a romantic marriage. The best thing in the book is a little hint on enforcing obedience from the young: punish them if they disobey, but never force them to do the thing they have refused to do. This is something to think over.

\* Words: Their Use and Abuse. By Dr. William Mathews. 3s. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

'LEFT BEHIND,' by James Otis, illustrated (Harpers), is a true story of two little street *gamins* setting to work honestly, industriously and bravely, to make, not only a living, but a home, reaching at last the point when one of them can say with intense satisfaction as he closes his eyes in sleep, 'Now we're reg'lar folks at last, ain't we?' The little fellow 'left behind' by mistake when a steamer sailed is entertained as their guest, much as the little Gavroche of 'Les Misérables' entertained *protégés*; and the noble story is at once amusing, interesting and healthful.—'MY AUNT JEANETTE,' by Mrs. S. M. Kimball (Phillips & Hunt), is a simple story purporting to record the life of an excellent woman devoted to the saving of souls by her religious creed, but adding practical goodness and thought for others to her anxieties for their future welfare. We dare to hope that such good women are not the rare example which this elaborate testimony would seem to imply.—'THE BROWNS,' by Mary P. W. Smith, (Roberts) is the simple and pretty story of some bright, pleasant and sensible people, not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. It is by the author of 'Jolly Good Times,' and if not exactly 'jolly' itself, is 'good' and pleasing.

'THE BASSETT CLAIM,' by Henry R. Elliot, (Putnam's Knickerbocker Novels) is an unpretentious but entertaining story of the life and love and sorrows of those who go to Washington with a 'claim' and do well to buy a house and settle down for life. At the close of the novel, in the words of the invalid who contributes much trenchant sense to the story, 'Jackson is dead; the lost cause is dead; the Aztecs are dead; Causten is dead; Tom is dead; and I'm paralyzed. But the Claims live! the Claims—live!'—'THE STORY OF A HUNCHBACK,' by J. L. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is told, not in rhyme, and not exactly in blank verse, but in measures which hardly add to what is pathetic in the story as it might have appeared in prose. It is the story of one feeling hopelessly that his affliction had cut him off from love, only to find that the loved one had loved, too, and suffered equally from his not daring to leap the barrier.

'OUT OF THE WRECK,' by Amanda M. Douglas (Lee & Shepard), is the simple but sympathetic story of a woman who decided to leave the drunken husband who was drinking up her own earnings and ruining their children, to support herself and them by keeping a millinery store. The story is told with unprejudiced regard for all possible bearings of the question; but the bitterness of such a woman's life, the cruelty of the law that makes it a question whether she can even keep the children she is supporting, is given with much power and pathos.

#### Minor Notices.

MRS. BOTTA'S 'Handbook of Universal Literature' is one of those works that have received 'the silent vote' of the reader, and can therefore dispense with the noisy plaudits of the critic. Into its five hundred and odd pages is crowded an immense amount of information, indispensable to the literary worker, and yet elsewhere unobtainable without ransacking many volumes less convenient in form than this. The new edition of this valuable book just issued by the Harpers brings the history of literature down to the present year. It may shock some who consult its pages to find Emerson as a poet merely named at the end of a list of minor American bards, though Emerson the essayist is ranked as 'the highest mind that the world of letters has produced in America;' and to read of Willis, whom it is the fashion now to dismiss with a smile, that he 'commands all the resources of passion, while he is at the same time master of all the effects of manner.' It is not, however, for its critical opinions, so much as for its facts, that a book of reference of this sort is prized, and Mrs. Botta's compilation is as full of facts as an egg is full of meat.

WE have nothing but good and welcome words with which to greet the 'Théâtre Contemporain,' now in its twelfth number. Mr. Jenkins is doing 'most commendable work in issuing his series of 'Romans Choisis' (60 cents each) and bright and sparkling French plays (25 cents each) for the benefit of those who like pure French fiction and unobjectionable comedy. France abounds in brilliant *raconteurs*, in keen delineators of character, in sprightly romancers, and in witty newspaper talkers, many of whom are found in this collection. The authors so far represented are Gréville, Halévy, Theuriot, About, Labiche, D'Hervilly, Legouvé, Feuillet, Sardou, Ohnet, Belot, Augier, Sandeau, and others. *Prosit!*

THE 'TWO IN ONE HOUSE' who publish a little book of verses called 'The Children Out-of-Doors' (Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.), are known to be Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, and one is sure of finding the verses tender, pleasing and thoughtful. Some of them are a little bewildering with the many dashes and parentheses that Mrs. Piatt is apt to rely on for hinting at her meaning, and to make, rather than break, the connection; but on the whole there is greater simplicity, and therefore greater charm, in these new verses than in many that we have liked before, but liked with a qualifying wish that 'wan' and 'Ah me!' could be banished from literature forever. Three of the 'Verses' are especially charming: 'The Little Cowherd,' with its dainty and unexpected turn at the close, when the little lad with a book sent to watch the cow does indeed watch a cow, but—the one that Cadmus tended; 'A Child's Conclusion,' logical, pretty, imaginative, and not too wonderful; and the portrait of 'A Country Girl,' whose word if spoken

then would be as mild  
As when an angel speaks unto a child—  
As simple as the child's that does not know  
It is an angel whom it answers so.

Even had one not been so delicately pleased with many of the verses, it would be a harsh critic indeed who would not be disarmed by the beautiful little sonnet at the close: not an appeal or an apology, but a gentle sending of the little book into the world as those 'Whose twofold love bears up a single flower' send a dear child forth upon the street for 'larger light and air,' not unhopeful that strangers, too, may look upon her with a smile of tender liking.

LETTERS have been a delightful form of literary composition, ever since Cicero and Atticus immortalized themselves by their epistolary interchange, and Pliny wrote his celebrated letter describing the destruction of Pompeii. What finish and fire it attained at the court of Louis XIV, any one may see who chooses to dip into Mme. de Sévigné's correspondence; and one is inclined even to pardon the fatuous Queen Anne for the sake of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Pope, and Swift. No English writer has excelled the poet Cowper in this field. The delicacy, spontaneity, and humor of his letters redeem much that is ponderous and pompous in his poems. The edition before us—that of W. Benham (Macmillan: \$1.25)—contains within small compass the poet's entire life compressed and condensed, one may say, as the Orientals compress and condense rose-leaves into beads, and then string them in necklaces. We see him working over his translation of the Iliad, painting touch by touch the tender portrait of his mother, piling up line on line in 'The Task,' chatting gracefully and affectionately with the Unwins, Lady Hesketh, Hayley, and his many reverend correspondents, and, incidentally, revealing one of the brightest and most sympathetic natures ever disclosed in print. The one dark spot in the brightness is the recurring insanity, and the gloomy tirades of the Rev. John Newton on religious subjects. It was fabled of old that nothing could cast a shadow within the illumined precincts of the Arcadian Zeus. Poor Cowper, alas, never reached that Olympian height, though he might be as shy as Hermes and as musical as Apollo.

'EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY MORALS,' by George L. Chaney (Roberts Bros.), is a little book of delightful essays, admirable not only because they are sensible, but because they are entertaining, and not only because they are entertaining, but because they are fine. What are known as 'every-day talks' are apt at the best to be somewhat commonplace, full of practical sense perhaps, or possibly funny; but these little essays or sermons have a grace of finish and style which is noticeable on the very first page with the striking paragraph illustrating that 'What we see depends on what we are.' The topics chiefly treated are the relation to morals of art, literature, industry, business, the stage, the press, and the pulpit. 'The pulpit believes; the stage makes believe; the press makes other people believe.' The book is full of 'good things' in detail, and in its general plan it is broad, liberal, and many-sided, as well as earnest and suggestive.

### The Lounger

I AM MORE than pleased to see that the subject of an adequate music-hall for New York is at last being discussed. There is urgent need of such a building, and as soon as our public-spirited citizens can be made to realize how much its erection would do toward popularizing music, we will have one. Other

American cities are ahead of us in this respect. We have two excellent concert-rooms, to be sure; but they are not large enough, and they are owned by enterprising piano-makers, who built them to advertise their wares. They have answered that purpose admirably, and they have served the public, too; but the time has now come when something larger is needed, and something that is not connected with a commercial enterprise.

THAT WE HAVE more opera-houses than we need is urged as an argument against a new music-hall; but opera-houses and music-halls have no more connection, one with the other, than town-halls and churches. So far in our history, music has been a luxury. Opera—of which we have had the most—is beyond the reach of the masses of the people; and we have no place large enough (without being too large) to give popular concerts in at low prices. When we can give performances with our unrivalled orchestras and great singers at twenty-five cents for admission and fifty cents per seat, the cultivation of the popular taste will proceed rapidly enough. But to do this a music-hall is needed, and to build a music-hall money is required. How long shall we have to wait for it?

DR. NEWTON has been attacked in some of the daily papers for saying that the founder of the Christian religion had 'lost his head.' If he *had* said so, the attacks, however coarse and intemperate, would not have been unprovoked. But what he actually said was just the opposite of this. He declared that such was his love and reverence for Christ, that he always found himself in perfect accord with him in every matter of belief, and could suffer no greater blow than to lose his faith in Christ's perfect sanity. And the whole of the sermon in question was in support of the reasonableness of Christ's hope of the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth. I am not a regular attendant at the Anthon Memorial Church, but I happened to hear this sermon delivered, and can vouch for its perfect orthodoxy.

ONE of the prettiest of the full-page illustrations in Mr. Matthews's new edition of 'Sheridan's Comedies' represents Mr. Irving as Joseph Surface, and Miss Terry as Lady Teazle. Although they sat to Mr. Barnard for a pen-and-ink sketch in a dramatic attitude, they have never played the parts together—and what is more, they never will. Miss Terry has played Lady Teazle often, and Mr. Irving told Mr. Matthews that if he ever produced the play at the Lyceum he would act Sir Peter. He also told an anecdote of his last performance of Joseph Surface. It was at a great benefit at Drury Lane. All the veterans of the stage took part. Charles Mathews was Charles Surface; Webster, Buckstone, Compton—all now dead of old age—appeared in the characters they had acted fifty years before. Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), the original Lady of Lyons, was Lady Teazle, and Mrs. Stirling was Mrs. Candour. A very old lady from the country, who had never seen 'The School for Scandal' and did not know the plot, was taken to see this performance, and when it was over was asked her opinion. 'I felt very sorry for that good young man, Joseph,' she said, 'and I thought all those wicked *old people* ought to be ashamed of themselves for trying to get the better of him!'

BISHOP POTTER has been criticised in some quarters for administering vows of celibacy and poverty to a young gentleman who wished to dedicate himself to 'the religious life.' I see no reason why such vows should not be publicly taken and administered. As one of the daily papers well observed, there is no conceivable harm in a man's resolving to live a rigidly righteous life, and he does not become a dangerous character by making his intention widely known. For my own part, I have often thought of making a virtue of necessity, and taking the vow of poverty myself!

I HAVE been waiting to see whether anyone would claim the sonnet, whose author Mr. Oscar Fay Adams in a recent number of THE CRITIC summoned to appear. Putative authorship seems to have been a burden to Mr. Adams. Had I not hesitated to assume the responsibilities of a guardian, I would myself have volunteered relief. It indeed seemed a pity that a handsome and likely sonnet should be subjected to the cold fortunes of a foundling or charity child. Happily, the waif is provided for: a correspondent who chooses to hide his humanity (and humanities) under a pseudonym, offers to adopt the Farnassian orphan. The following is an extract from his letter:—'I have had a wide experience as an adoptive author, both in prose and verse. With anonymities and disputed estrays, I have had special and unparalleled success, such names as 'The Letters of Junius,'



'Beautiful Snow,' and 'The Bread-Winners,' sufficing to show the comprehensive character of my foster-authorial qualifications. On the desposition of its present guardian that the sonnet in question complies with all the rules of sonnetary construction, I should wish that the indentures for its adoption by me might be drawn up without delay. I have the honor to subscribe myself, Yours, etc., Plagiarus Pickwell.'

J. O. W. sends me this paragraph:—In the book-store of Walford Brothers, in the Strand, I found the first volume of Bunsen's famous work, 'Egypt's Place in Universal History,' with the following manuscript note on the title-page: 'Thrown out with other rubbish, J. Ruskin, Brantwood, 3d April, 1880.' Among other memoranda was the exclamation on the margin of the page dedicated to Niebuhr's memory: 'What? you assured ass—you!' And the face of the Sphinx—the frontispiece—was crossed with ink, the words 'Portrait of the author' being written above it. These annotations were all in Ruskin's autograph.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON has put the finishing touches to his 'Literary Landmarks of London' since he got back from England. The book has been a labor of love—as are all books which are worth anything. But this particular book is the outgrowth of twenty-years' reading in literary biography and of quite three-years' hard work among books and in the streets. Here in New York Mr. Hutton has spent the past few winters working hard in his library. Every spring he has gone abroad, taking the growing manuscript, and burdened with a mighty mass of heterogeneous notes, every one of which he has verified in London on the spot. His adventures in search of the birth-places and dwellings of literary celebrities have been many and amusing, and his anathemas on the authorities for renaming and renumbering streets and thus removing landmarks have been loud and deep. The book is to be alphabetical in its arrangement.

### Soul and Body in Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I read with great satisfaction an article in THE CRITIC of Oct. 4, headed 'Genre Painting in Literature.' I was heartily glad to see it, because it expresses so forcibly my own long-cherished views on this matter of Soul and Body in Art, and I hailed it as an admirable word in the cause of reformation. For reformation in the doctrine of Art, and the tendencies of its expression—not only in painting and sculpture, but in literature as well, is a crying need of the day. This subject is to my mind one of deep and wide-reaching import, and a volume might be written instead of a brief essay, to impress upon the minds of the judicious some strangely neglected truths. Far be it from me to attempt such a task, or even do more than utter such brief speech as your limits allow.

There is no doubt that there is a tendency in the art of to-day toward unmitigated realism in the choice of subject, and placing mere *technique* before everything else. Practice in this respect has grown up at last into theory and doctrine. There were times when artists, if at least they were not possessed by a fine idea, did yet devote some consideration to their subject, and sought to put some thought and feeling into it. But nowadays if the *technique* is strong and brilliant the painter's work is considered complete. Subject, thought and feeling are well enough—but at least the execution must be made sure of. In brief, we must have the Body of Art, whether there be a Soul or not. And we may well ask if this is not in a great measure why the painters increase like English sparrows—and like the sparrows are, so many of them, monotonous and undistinguishable, or if distinguishable owe their distinction to the impress of the various masters with whom they have studied? Is it not because of the charm and the 'fatal facility' of the *technique* they have acquired, and which pleases rich connoisseurs,—this rather than because smitten with a love of Nature and of Art, which will not let them rest till they can find the solace of expression? A certain dexterity in effective handling—in accurately transferring reality to canvas, no matter what the nature of that reality is—such has got to be

the summit of the painter's aspiration. There surely have been times when there were larger ideas of art than this.

The new doctrine is that Art should concern itself in nothing about the high or the low, the beautiful or the unbeautiful, the moral or the immoral; that the subject is unimportant—if it is only treated artistically, it is enough. An artist of genius can take any subject and make a picture or a poem of it. The test of its excellence is the artistic execution shown in it. There is certainly a half-truth involved in this doctrine. Of course the artistic genius, ability, and power of expression are the main thing. But that the subject is not unimportant is seen in the selection which every artist necessarily makes. There can be no work deserving the name of Art into which this principle of selection does not enter. Given the genius and technical ability, the artist's chance of success is greatly enhanced by the possession of a good subject. It is out of the question for him to take *any* subject. If he allows himself no choice of subject, he stultifies and debases his artistic sense. But by a law of his nature he must select his subject. The mere fact that certain subjects, and certain poses or aspects of those subjects, please him more than others, and are more adapted—or, as we say, lend themselves more readily—to his particular order of talent or genius, confutes this extreme and therefore false doctrine that the subject is of no importance.

We may allow, however, that the subject may be of secondary importance. A subject which to many eyes will seem common or prosaic or unartistic, may in the hands of a great artist assume a form and spirit of high dignity or even beauty. After all that can be said to the contrary, the Universe in all its particulars is more subjective than objective (as the philosophers say), and what one sees, another does not—what one fails to see to another opens a world of beauty. Some few hundred years ago, even among the great Italian or Flemish painters, who devoted themselves to the human form almost exclusively, the realistic landscape-painting of to-day was almost a *terra incognita*. It may be called the most modern of all arts. If we except the wonderful sunset skies of Claude, the solemn woody hills of Gaspar Poussin, the effects of sunlight of Cuyp and Rembrandt, the vigorous but cold and rigid landscapes of Ruysdael, the backgrounds of Titian, and the works of some few others, there was no approach to, and no attempt to approach, the striking developments of modern landscape painting. The inference is that the old masters did not see or value landscape nature, because engrossed in the study of the human form, and of those still-life accessories which were necessary to fill up the picture. That the subject may be of secondary importance will be seen by a visit to any gallery of pictures, old or modern. It will be seen how tamely many great themes are treated, while many very humble and prosaic subjects are dignified and exalted in the hands of other painters. In the Louvre we pass by crowds of Virgins and saints and heroes, and pause before some marvellous bit of light and shade by Rembrandt, or even before a beggar-boy of Murillo, or a still-life of Chardin. And almost any subject which has life and fresh nature in it outvalues the great ambitious canvases where nothing but an over-and-over repeated conventional treatment is seen.

It is said again there is neither Moral nor Immoral in Art, but only the expression of Beauty—if the work is only well done, it is all that is required. This would sanction all the sensual nudities of the French, in painting and sculpture, which one sees too much of in Paris. And in the parallel lines of literary art it would admit to a high rank the most voluptuous pages of Boccaccio, of George Sand, of Flaubert, of Dumas *Fils*, of Daudet, of Swinburne—for certainly in literary technique they are not inferior. True Art, if it does not ennoble and strengthen the higher faculties of our nature, should not at least drag them down and drug them with poisonous perfumes. True art should not emphasize the sexual passion and envelop it with the subtle and insid-

ious charms of an imagination which owes tribute to higher and purer themes. In the highest sense of Morality, all Art should be moral; that is, it should hold in their ordained limits all the passions as well as the ideal aspirations of the Soul. What Providence seems to ordain a man or a woman to be in the scale of creation, should indicate the line for the highest Art to follow. Whatever is out of proportion is unbeautiful.

Shakespeare was the child of earth, and seems to have known from experience the seductions of lawless desires; but he was far more the child of heaven, and the nobler and grander and purer relations of the sexes were his well-loved and familiar themes. In fact he was of that almost exceptional nature, that he took in and reproduced the whole rounded circle of being, without undue emphasis or distortion on any side—and so he was the completest of artists. Art, then, in its spirit and tone should be first of all healthy or whole or wholesome, which are all the same thing. For as the artist looks upon life and nature, so will be his reproduction of them on his canvas, in his statue, in his poems, or novel, or whatever the form of expression may be. As a corollary to the heresies which infest some of the younger schools, follows the doctrine that art exists purely for itself, and is to be pursued by itself without relation to any end but the expression of the characteristic and the beautiful. But in the largest sense no work of the human mind or hands can exist entirely for itself, but must necessarily be related to humanity. All expression of the true, the good, or the beautiful is so related, because every human being is a member of the great human family. Art can no more exist solely for itself than can Science or Religion, or any form of expression the Intellect, Heart, Conscience or Imagination may take.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

C. P. CRANCH.

### A Visit to the United States.

BY A DISILLUSIONED BRITISHER.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

'A GREAT country, no doubt,' said Mr. Capper, the well-known engineer, who has recently returned from the other side of the Atlantic, where he has been attending the meeting of the British Association at Montreal. 'A great country, no doubt, big enough for all creation; but, except in size and ferry-boats, not up to much. That, in brief, is the impression I have brought home concerning the United States of America. Let me say that I have only seen a corner of the country, and do not wish to speak of the whole after merely inspecting part of it. So far as the States of the Atlantic seaboard are concerned, from Maine to Baltimore, I must say that I was bitterly disappointed. Like most Englishmen who visit America, I expected that there was something to see that we could not see elsewhere, something to learn which could not be taught at home—and, in short, that in the great Republic of the West I should find mechanical appliances, social organization, and material civilization at their highest pitch. I found none of these things.'

#### DIVERSITY OF RAILWAY GAUGE.

'Some two years ago two of the ablest men of one of our great English railways went over to the States to pick up wrinkles in railway management, and after a prolonged tour they came home and reported that they had learned nothing, because there was nothing to learn. I can quite believe it. It was a startling surprise to me, and to all my companions, after all the boasting which has filled the world concerning the enormous strides of American genius, the great development and marvellous adaptation of machinery to all purposes of life, to discover that in almost every respect—in every respect, so far as I saw, with the exception of steam ferry-boats—the Americans are immeasurably behind the old country. To begin with, take the railways. In this country we have two or three different gauges. How many have they in America? Fifteen! And why? It is a free country, and every company that runs its own little line through its own little territory is free to break its gauge in order to keep the district to itself. The variety of gauges in the States, which necessitate constant changes of carriages and all the inconveniences of which we have some slight experience on the Great

Western, are incurred solely and entirely for carrying out a dog-in-the-manger policy.

'The majority of American railways are built up on the English gauge—4 ft. 8½ in.; but a great number are 4 ft. 8½ in., 4 ft. 9 in., 4 ft. 9½ in., and 5 ft., the additional gauge being added solely for exclusiveness. As far as I could make out the mileage of 134,383 miles of railways was thus—4,068 miles not being classified:—16 miles of 2 ft. gauge, 10,886 odd miles of 3 ft., 2,200 miles of 3 ft. 6 in., 109 miles of 4 ft. 6 in., 1,190 miles of 4 ft. 8½ in., 91,891 miles of 4 ft. 8½ in., 361 miles of 4 ft. 8½ in., 12,287 miles of 4 ft. 9 in., 1,681 miles of 4 ft. 9½ in., 57 miles of 4 ft. 9½ in., 51 miles of 4 ft. 10 in., 17,554 miles of 5 ft., 8 miles of 5 ft. 2½ in., 13 miles of 5 ft. 6 in., 5 miles of 6 ft. That, however, is but a small thing. Take the roadway. There is not a line in America that has rails weighing more than 60 lb. to the yard. On our Great Western the rails weigh 98 lb. The track is badly metalled, or not metalled at all, with the result that railway travelling is exceedingly disagreeable. The line being uneven, you bump and jump as if you were going along a corduroy road. The rate on none of the railways exceeds thirty miles an hour, and in almost every respect the railway service is inferior to our own.'

#### AMERICAN CARS.

'That, no doubt, will startle many who have heard a great deal about the luxury of the American cars. It may be a luxury to some people to be pigged in with a heterogeneous mass of babies, navvies, expectorators, &c., through the midst of which there dawdles a perpetual stream of loiterers who wile away the time by wandering about the train, always leaving the door open as they pass, and indulging in whatever amusement—shouting, singing, swearing, or larking—that seems good in their own eyes. But that mode of travelling has no charms for me. On one occasion my wife and I had a corner seat near the door, and to keep out the draft and the soot and smoke I was perpetually jumping up to close the door as it was left open by each fresh comer. How many times do you think I had to close the door in a quarter of an hour? Forty-four times! In the whole hour between eight and nine I timed myself, and found that I had to close the door one hundred and twenty-six times. Of course no one who could afford it thinks of travelling otherwise than in the American first-class, or, as they call it out of deference to Democratic principles, Pullman cars. But that is not always available, and, even when it is, its advantages have been much exaggerated.'

#### PALACE CARS.

'When you sleep in a palace car you are liable to be jerked up on end by the sudden slowing up of the train, the vacuum break being constantly in use, and the cars are frequently brought up almost as rapidly as if there had been a collision. After a sleepless night, in which you have been alternately bumped and jerked on both ends and both sides, you get up in the morning to discover that you have afforded pasturage ground for a variety of insects which are often not mosquitos. If you complain to the conductor you are informed that your grievance, whatever it may be, is none of his business, and if you persist in your representations you are warned that if you don't mind what you are about your traps will be deposited at the next station, and you can wait until the next train. It is a land of liberty they say, but the boss, whether in the cars or elsewhere, has a great deal tighter hand than anything we know of here. At the railway stations, too, they have adopted the abominable Continental habit of penning travellers up in waiting-rooms until the train is almost ready to start, when the doors are thrown open and a general stampede takes place for the cars. Garfield was shot while waiting for the barriers to be removed, and the spot where he fell is marked with a grass star, and is still religiously pointed out to every tourist. The carpet was carried away in little bits.'

#### WASTE OF WATER POWER.

'After railways, I naturally turn for evidence of material civilization and mechanical ingenuity to the arrangements for loading and unloading vessels, and the working of ports, and the general management of traffic in ports and harbors. Would you believe it, that neither in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, nor Baltimore, did I clap eyes upon a single hydraulic machine. Everything is done by steam, nothing by hydraulics. I could not believe it, and went everywhere hunting to find some specimen of hydraulic machinery. They don't seem to have heard of such a thing. In England we use water pressure for cranes, dock-gates, and for almost every purpose where great force, speed, and steadiness of motion are required. But across the Atlantic water power is practically unutilized. Of course you have heard



the usual talk about the costly drainage of the wilderness, capable of driving all mills in the Union. Perhaps it is, but all I know is that when our party visited Niagara I was disgusted like every one else with the attempt made by the Americans to utilize the enormous water power that has been running to waste there since the days of Adam. They have disfigured their Falls by perching a number of ugly factories, paper mills and the like, on the very edge of the great cataract. There, if anywhere, we must surely expect this boundless water power to be thoroughly utilized. But what do I see, to my utter amazement; every one of those factories had a tall chimney stack, blackened with smoke, as when issuing precisely as it issues from a Lancashire mill stack. Going a little further, I found trucks discharging coals to feed the boiler fires, and thus I found that actually on the very brim of Niagara our acute cousins were driving their machines by steam.

In one thing, however, I admit that they can teach us something, and that is in the utilization of steam ferries. It is remarkable to see the ease with which they transport cars across crowded rivers. Those who have seen the traffic between New York and Brooklyn must marvel at the difficulties which have baffled you in London about across-river communication below bridge. I went across one time at night in a ferry boat which had to dodge its way through a perfect wilderness of red and green and white lights. Yet no accident occurred, and the traffic seems to be safely and conveniently managed. Their river steamers also leave very little to be desired. But of their rivers as far as scenery goes there is not much to be said. The Hudson has been ridiculously overpraised; and as for the lake of the thousand isles, over which you are expected to go into ecstasies, it is very flat, and nothing to compare for beauty and the varied charms that come from the presence of leisured ease on the Thames above Richmond. American scenery is very good, no doubt, to people who have not seen any other kind of scenery, that of Central Africa, for example, but for those who have been pretty nearly all over the world, it is not worth talking about; the scenery, however, is immeasurably better than the cities.

#### BROADWAY.

I think I was more disappointed in Broadway, New York, than in anything else I saw in America. Every one knows how New Yorkers have cracked up Broadway. There never was such a street and never will be, even in the New Jerusalem. Having heard so much about it, I naturally expected to find a spacious and handsome thoroughfare which would throw Regent-street far into the shade. It is, therefore, not surprising that when I reached Broadway I did not recognize it; needed, in fact, to be repeatedly assured that this was really Broadway before I could realize what a fraud had been practised upon the confiding British public. Why, Broadway is not as broad as the Strand and not half as handsome, and it is jammed almost from end to end of its busier portions by an unending line of tram-cars, following each other almost as closely as carriages on a railway train.

Crossing this street at right angles are other tram lines, along which the cars struggle as best they can, with the result that blocks are of constant occurrence, and in fact a maximum of inconvenience for the general public and a minimum of advantages, either in appearance or locomotion, is better secured in Broadway than in any other thoroughfare that I know. Then there is Fifth Avenue, a street that we have been taught to believe was bristling with palaces erected at lavish expense by the most magnificent millionaires of this or any other age. When you are set down at Fifth Avenue you rub your eyes and ask yourselves, where are those palaces? You need to go seeking for them with a candle as Diogenes used to seek for an honest man. There are some residences which are not bad, but there is nothing in the Fifth Avenue to compare for one moment with such a house as Mr. Holford's, in Park-lane, or even like Marlborough House.

#### INSANITARY CITIES.

And then the smells! The streets of almost all the American cities that I visited are badly paved, abominably seweraged, and most disagreeable to drive on. In short, in all the immunities of city life, America seems far behind England. There are some curious contrasts between the liberty allowed to companies to render streets uninhabitable—as in the case of the elevated railroads, where passengers are whisked along the streets at an elevation sufficient to enable them to have a close inside view of every first-floor room on the track,—and the prohibition rigidly enforced at Baltimore against allowing locomotives to convey cars from the terminus to the wharves. In villages and towns

that have sprung up along railway tracks the trains run through the main street as a matter of course, but in the older cities such a thing as a locomotive traction is unheard of. Cars are all hauled to the wharves at Baltimore by horses.

Then as to the parks. There is the far-famed Central Park of New York. A miserable little strip in very poor condition, about half the size of St. James's Park. It is true there is a big park at Philadelphia, but it is a couple of miles from anywhere, and takes an hour's drive to get to it from the heart of the city. And even when you get there, it is, for the most part, a waste and howling wilderness.

#### A MISERABLE PEOPLE.

You don't seem to have a very high opinion of American cities, Mr. Capper. What do you think of the Americans themselves? 'In the United States,' said Mr. Capper, 'there are fifty millions of human beings, most of whom—if I may judge by the samples—are,' I say, among the most miserable, discontented, restless, uneasy creatures that I ever set eyes on in any corner of the world. They are civil, hospitable, polite, and, so far as I could see, very much more temperate in the matter of alcoholic drinks than Englishmen. But there is on every face a craving, unrestful expression, that is singularly painful to note. Nor did I ever see that genial careless abandon which you find in almost all other countries. The contrast in this respect between Canada and the United States was very marked. The Canadians are a jolly set of fellows, who have all the geniality and repose which we have at home. But cross the border, and you come upon an entirely different type of men, eager, unsatisfied, and, it seemed to me, unhappy, as compared with their northern neighbors.'

#### LIBERTY IN THE STATES.

We went through Maine, and we took particular note of the people we saw in the street to see whether under the Maine Liquor Law they seemed any better, more happy, or more prosperous than their fellow-citizens in other States. I am bound to say there was no improvement perceptible to the naked eye. They are very much like everybody else, only a little more miserable if anything. There is very little liberty excepting the liberty of making yourself a nuisance, and the liberty of tyrannizing over your neighbor if you get a majority of your way of thinking in the United States. A more uncomplaining lot of people I seldom saw than the Americans, who put up meekly with impositions which would drive an Englishman wild. One of the first things I saw on entering Boston was the row of hackmen penned in with their backs to a wall by a narrow rail which left them only about eighteen inches to stand in. There they were with their backs against the wall, not allowed to move an inch outside their barrier, shouting their lungs out to attract attention. There are not a dozen cabmen in England who would consent to such a degradation. But as it was in Boston, so I found it in nearly every American city. There you are not allowed to smoke where you like. 'No smoking' is stuck up all over the railway platforms, and the result is that the men have taken to chewing and spitting, which is far worse than smoking. And now they have stuck up notices, 'No spitting allowed on board the steamers.' As soon as you are fairly under weigh a board is hung up, 'Gentlemen will spit over the ship's side; others must,' and what they will do next no one knows. Boston I like pretty well. It was much the best town and the most civilized of any of those that I saw in the States, but the extraordinary number of doctors that seem to crowd its streets appeared to indicate that it is not so desirable a residence as its healthy situation seemed to show. On the whole, if any young man thinks of emigrating to the States I would emphatically say 'Don't.' If you want to emigrate, go to Canada.

#### Current Criticism

BROWNING'S FRANK FAMILIARITY:—Here, as elsewhere, that which gives the special flavor to his work is his unequalled faculty of keeping his eye fixed firm and straight upon human life and of telling what he sees—telling it always in his own bright, lively, if too mannered and fantastic way, for it must always be remembered that, notwithstanding his love of displaying his learning and his miscellaneous knowledge of books, no man is less of a book-poet than he. The charm of Landor's poetry is, as we have said on a previous occasion, that of 'subtle reminders of the great poets of old'; the charm of Mr. Browning's poetry is that it reminds us of nothing but Mr. Browning. That which gives vitality to his work is not book-lore, we say, but the lore that can be only learned by deep and sympathetic study of man and woman—men and women. Between the outer world

and the eyes of most modern poets of a high order there floats an artistic atmosphere through which the poet must needs gaze if he gaze at all. This atmosphere, while it transfigures and ennobles human life, gives it also a certain quality which may perhaps be called a dignified remoteness. . . . Mr. Browning's muse knows no such light, gazes at the world through no atmosphere of the golden clime, but confronts life with the frank familiar eyes with which the actors in the real drama gaze at each other.—*The Athenæum*.

A LAY SERMON BY MATTHEW ARNOLD :—Mr. Matthew Arnold went down to Whitechapel on Saturday in deference to a summons from Mr. Watts, which he could not resist, to deliver an address on the occasion of the unveiling of a mosaic executed after Mr. Watts's picture of 'Time, Death, and Judgment' outside Mr. Barnett's church. It was not, however, Mr. Arnold's first visit, for in former years he knew East London well from inspecting its schools. Since then he had not used his leisure to come there, and he would tell them why. 'As you pass westward,' said Mr. Arnold, 'through the city to the West End, you meet two classes. There is in the West the possessing, the spending, and the enjoying class; and in the city there is the trading class, desiring nothing better than to spend and enjoy too. These are the classes of people that one sees before the scenes, and that make up the imposing fabric of British civilization. But then in the East-end of London you get behind the scenes with the men in shirt-sleeves, the dusty boards and benches, the odds and ends of things. You see, too, a receptacle and limbo, as it were, in which those exist as best they can who have failed and fallen, who have been hurt and wounded in the struggle for life, whom the race of production and competition which the trading class carries on has thrown out. And when the possessing and trading classes get a peep behind the scenes, there is soon some one to pull the curtain. The spending class is told that luxury is good for trade; and as for the trading class, there is Mr. Giffen ready to bring Political Economy to bear, to write imposing letters for *The Times* to print in imposing type, and to prove that all is for the best, and that the more competition there is the more prosperity.' And so it comes to pass that most people are well satisfied with the existing order of things.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE PREACHER CRITICISED :—Mr. Arnold wishes us all to know, that to him 'the Eternal' means nothing more than that 'stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' that 'Judgment' means nothing but the ultimate defeat which may await those who set themselves against this stream of tendency, if the stream of tendency be really as potent and as lasting as the Jews believed God to be. . . . There is no reason on earth why Mr. Arnold should not water-down the teaching of the Bible to his own view of its residual meaning; but then, in the name of sincere literature, let him find his own language for it, and not dress up this feeble and superficial hopefulness of the Nineteenth Century in words which are undoubtedly stamped with an ardor and a peace for which his teaching can give us no sort of justification. . . . Mr. Arnold is really putting Literature,—of which he is so great a master,—to shame, when he travesties the language of the prophets, and the evangelists, and of our Lord Himself, by using it to express the dwarfed convictions and withered hopes of modern rationalists who love to repeat the great words of the Bible, after they have given up the strong meaning of them as fanatical superstitions. Mr. Arnold's readings of Scripture are the spiritual *assignats* of English faith.—*The Spectator*.

FAME IN THE BAHAMAS :—Both as regards its appearance and its contents, Lady Brassey has given us a splendid book, quite equal to the famous 'Voyage of the Sunbeam,' which has had so many thousands of readers all over the world. It must have been gratifying, indeed, to its author to meet with such enthusiastic recognition in out-of-the-way places, and to find that the enthusiasm had been, to a great extent, caused by the fame her book had brought her. Thus, at Nassau, a town in one of the Bahama Islands, she learned that the 'Voyage in the Sunbeam' was well known, many households possessing copies, and a considerable number of the inhabitants having read it. Two young ladies were met by the Governor making off to the shore to see the 'large steam yacht that had just come in,' as they had been reading about the Sunbeam, and thought, perhaps, it might be something like her. When told that it was really and actually the Sunbeam herself, they could scarcely believe their ears, and thought that the Governor was making fun of them.—*The Literary World, London*.

BALZAC'S AMERICAN OFFSPRING :—The three first works on our list, all American and of the new school, are all far above the English average. This sets us thinking. Have we yet appreciated justly and accurately—I do not say, sufficiently, because many English readers are madly enthusiastic on the subject—the solid and spirited progress which Romance is making in America? Of the faults of the new school we are severe, but probably competent, critics; we view it from the outside. But we dwell on them too much. Its intellectual keenness, its practised insight, its vast science and art of the emotions, we are probably too dull to appreciate. The American novelist has left his English reader behind. . . . Mr. Howells and Mr. James are not English at all. Balzac is their father, little as they resemble him. A consuming interest in human nature—in its classification, its varieties, its monstrosities—a regular science of mental and emotional microscopics, pursued with an insight and dexterity acquired only by practice, and which we, who lack it, call morbid, has grown up in the educated society of America—that society quivering with a restless, overflowing mental activity, denied outlet, save in social intercourse—a society unleavened by great political and professional ambitions, or the emotions of present history as it passes in the European playgrounds, and whose past is a brief record of rebellion, smug religionism, moneymaking, civil war and more moneymaking. Without further analyzing its causes, and without judging its wholesomeness, we must allow that in appreciating it we are at a disadvantage.—*E. Purcell, in The Academy*.

## English Critics and Present American Literature.

WRITTEN AFTER READING CRAWFORD'S "AMERICAN POLITICIAN."

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

O for the past ceremonious days  
When the English Critic had only to praise  
The sweet 'Sketch-Book' and old 'Bracebridge Hall,'  
And the hardest censure he ever let fall  
Was the mild rebuke from father to son—  
Imitation may be overdone.

When of Yankee poets we cared to know  
Of Bryant and Whittier and something of Poe—  
And we laughed over 'J. P. Robinson, he,'  
Ere Lowell had vaunted Democracy.

When we knew our common history better  
In the lurid light of 'The Scarlet Letter,'  
And fully enjoyed the 'Transformation'  
Of Beast into Man, by Imagination—  
But did not study the changing features  
Of Men into base political Creatures.

When we tried and tried in vain to keep under  
A cry of half-pleased half-envious wonder  
That a coin of the very Dickens stamp  
Should be found in 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.'

Yet then it was neither rude nor pedantic  
To believe in a real dividing Atlantic;  
And we did not surrender our insular claims  
To any homogeneous James.

And we felt content to leave our sages  
At Concord and Chelsea to brighten the ages,  
And not to attempt to amalgamate nations  
By letters of mutual admirations.

Oh! the trouble that falls upon old and young  
When two worlds speak the same bold tongue,  
And the critic loses his natural rights  
To dissect what the Foreign thought indites!

And Literature becomes so rich  
It is hard to distinguish which is which:  
Till at last we arrive at the cool reflection  
That both our Letters require Protection,  
Not alone in an economical sense,  
But for each to keep its in-dependence.



## Notes

'PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS' is the title of a new series of books, edited by Edward T. Mason, which Charles Scribner's Sons announce. The general plan of the famous Bric-à-Brac Series has been followed, and the publishers can wish no better success for it than its predecessor had. There will be four volumes in the new series, and twenty-seven authors will be discussed. The books will be sold singly as well as in sets, but they will be published simultaneously. The idea is a capital one, and is likely to find great favor in this personality-loving age.

—One of the most interesting articles in the February *Harper's* will be 'Pullman: A Social Study,' by Dr. Richard T. Ely. It is not the palace-carmaker of that name, but the city that has sprung up in the West with the manufacturing of palace-cars for its *raison d'être*. It is a social question, and one particularly interesting to Americans. To this same number Mr. E. E. Hale will contribute a short story, and Miss Woolson will continue her striking Florida scenes.

—An interesting contribution to American institutional history will appear during the coming month in Mr. Charles Howard Shinn's 'Mining Camps: a Study in American Frontier Government,' which Messrs. Scribner are to publish.

—Mr. Henry Herman, one of the authors of 'The Silver King,' has just sold his dramatic library, which was of exceptional value. It has been Mr. Herman's habit to extra-illustrate and extend his books with engravings, autographs, etc. Thus, a 'large paper' copy of William Winter's 'The Jeffersons' contains two autograph letters of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the family, and one of his friend Tottenham Heaphy, and a 'large paper' copy of Lawrence Barrett's 'Edwin Forrest' contains autograph letters of Edmund Kean, Mrs. Edmund Kean, J. P. Kemble, Macready, Charles Kean, Voltaire, etc.

—James Anglim & Co., of Washington, send us a list of the publications of the Government on the subject of interoceanic communication by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Without claiming to be complete, it yet embraces seventy-seven titles.

—'Mr. Gosse on Norwegian Literature' is one of the leading articles in the first issue of the second volume of *Scandinavia*.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who has made a brilliant record as a diplomatist and author since he went to St. Petersburg as an attaché in 1868, and whose perilous adventures in Greece have given rise to many sensational paragraphs in the newspapers of the last few weeks, is now at home again. He has grown stout and swarthy during his six years' absence from America.

—*The Book-Buyer* concludes the first volume of its new issue with its January number. It has been a successful revival.

—James Kennedy, M.A., late missionary of the London Missionary Society, has written a volume of reminiscences of his Indian life which Cassell & Company will publish about the 15th of January. The same firm will also publish 'The Sea Fathers: a Series of Lives of Great Navigators of Former Times,' by Clement R. Markham, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society; and a new volume in Cassell's Fine Art Library—'Anatomy for Artists,' by Matthias Duval, Professor of Anatomy in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. The latter book contains over a hundred illustrations.

—Mr. Elihu Vedder will be the subject of a biographical sketch by Miss A. Mary F. Robinson in the February *Magazine of Art*. A portrait of Mr. Vedder and three engravings after his paintings will accompany the article.

—*The Christian Union* begins its thirty-first volume with the new year, the current number being dated January 1. With this issue it makes its first appearance as a thirty-two page paper, the increase of eight pages a week being equivalent in a single year, we are told, to eight octavo volumes of between four and five hundred pages each. So much for quantity; as for quality, the names, in this number, of George W. Cable, Washington Gladden, Julia Dorr, Dr. Abbott and H. W. Mabie—to mention no others—are a sufficient guarantee of work of a high order. Mr. Cable's true story of 'Margaret' is, so far as we recall, his first contribution to a newspaper since he became eminent as a novelist. Joseph Hatton's literary letter from London is full of interest; and the regular correspondence from Boston and Chicago is as valuable and fresh as usual. *The Christian Union* is a paper that reflects honor on American journalism. We congratulate it on its new departure, and are not surprised to hear that it added more new subscribers to its list last week 'than in any week since the days of its marvellous early success.'

—Judge Tourgée's 'Appeal to Cæsar' has entered upon its tenth thousand. A new edition of 'Tenants of an Old Farm,' issued by the same publishers—Fords, Howard & Hulbert—will be ready early this month.

—Mr. Roe's new story, 'Driven Back to Eden,' will begin in the February *St. Nicholas*.

—Mr. Gosse's scholarly edition of Gray's Works, containing much new material, will be published in this country, early in the present month, by A. C. Armstrong & Co. This step is taken by arrangement with Macmillan & Co.

—A protest against the adoption of the common gender pronoun 'thon,' as advocated in these columns by Mr. C. C. Converse, forms the staple of the leading editorial in the Boston *Gazette* of December 28. It is proposed to avoid the use of the new and convenient word by a complete reconstruction of every sentence in which it might be used to advantage. Similar opposition could have been, and doubtless was, made to the acceptance of the neuter pronoun 'its.' Thus, in speaking of the supports of a table, instead of using the phrase 'its legs,' we could always employ the clumsy periphrasis, 'the legs of the table.' But brevity is the soul of wit, and just as 'its' forced its way into popular use in the Seventeenth Century, so may 'thon' come into vogue in the Nineteenth. The possessive case of this word, by the way, is not 'thon,' as generally given, but 'thons.'

—Mr. Austin Dobson has made a selection of Steele's essays, to which he has prefixed a memoir containing some fresh items of information concerning the essayist.

—*Gil Blas* is publishing Zola's new novel 'Germinal,' as a *feuilleton*, and has agreed to pay him \$6,000 for 30,000 lines. This is merely for the right of first newspaper publication.

—We learn from *The Academy* that the long-expected Life of James Hogg, by his daughter, Mrs. Garden, is in type, and will be published immediately by Mr. Alexander Gardner. It will contain, in addition to a curious correspondence that Hogg had with Mr. Ruskin and his father about the early poetic compositions of the former, a number of hitherto unpublished letters from Scott, Southey, Lockhart, Allan Cunningham, and others.

—Mr. Browning's last book, 'Fetters of Fancies,' has met with a warm welcome in England, a second edition having already been called for.

—Of the February *Century*, 180,000 copies will be printed.

—Two important volumes among Messrs. Scribner's announcements are 'The Elements of Moral Science: Theoretical and Practical,' by President Noah Porter, and 'Egypt and Babylon, From Sacred and Profane Sources,' by Prof. George Rawlinson.

—Captain Charles Weller, an old friend of Charles Dickens, died last month, at the age of eighty-five. His intimacy with the great novelist dated from the publication of the 'Pickwick Papers,' in which the name of Weller is immortalized. The Captain's grand-daughter, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) is the painter of the famous picture of 'The Roll Call.'

—Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. will publish the biographical memoir of S. T. Coleridge, by his grandson, Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

A permanent memorial to the late Charles Reade is to be erected in the form of a memorial church at Willesden. The *Willesden Herald* states that the friends of the deceased poet and novelist have made themselves responsible for the cost of the building. The church will be dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, the name given to it being suggested by the fact that Charles Reade was a fellow of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, and also, perhaps, by the fact that one of his best known novels was 'The New Magdalen.' The Rev. Compton Reade, a nephew of the late writer, is spoken of as the first incumbent.

—'Mr. Buxton Forman,' says *The Athenæum*, 'has undertaken to edit for Mr. Murray the poetical works of Lord Byron. The first object will be to produce in a handsome library form a text which can be considered final, with such variorum notes as the case demands, and such illustrative notes of value as can be gathered in without overburdening the text. Mr. Forman will collate the poems with the first and other early editions, and with all available manuscripts, of which a considerable number are in Mr. Murray's own hands; and it is hoped that some additional minor poems as well as interesting cancelled passages may be brought to light. The whole of Byron's own notes will, of course, reappear; but the extraneous notes hitherto given will be revised, with a view to retrenchment where they have become

obsolete or redundant, and extension where time has made extension desirable.

—The leading serial story in *Chambers's Journal* for next year will be by Mrs. Oliphant—'A House Divided Against Itself.'

—Hugh Conway's publisher sent out 190,000 copies of 'Dark Days' in November. They must have been very bright days, indeed, for him and Mr. Conway!

—Mr. Cope Whitehouse entertained a brilliant audience at the Madison Square Theatre, last Monday afternoon, with an account of his investigations in Egypt which resulted in his discovery of the basin of the ancient Lake Moeris, a few years since. Mr. Whitehouse sends us this note:—There is nothing in the letter of Mr. Winslow to induce me to change my view that he is wholly unable to refute the opinion of St. Jerome and the arguments of Jablonski. But one thing he can tell us. Who are the thirty-two Members of Congress who subscribed to the Fund? They would constitute one-fifth of the whole number of subscribers, and this is almost as miraculous as the three inscriptions of M. Naville. Is it equally apocryphal?

—The centenary of Weber's birth—December 18, 1886—is to be celebrated by the erection of a statue of the composer at his native town of Eutin.

—The frontispiece of the January *Magazine of American History* is a fine portrait of Count De Vergennes, illustrating a well-considered paper by the Hon. John Jay, on the life and character of the great French statesman. 'The Manor of Gardiner's Island' is an illustrated paper by the editor, sketching not only the romantic career of the founder of the first English settlement in the State, but the growth, development, and general history of the manorial property, and its twelve successive proprietors. A notable contribution to the number is the illustrated 'Diary of Dr. John Jefferies,' the first aeronaut who crossed the English Channel in a balloon. He was an American, and the centennial of the event is to be celebrated in Boston on January 7.

—Mme. Daudet has written a novel.

—The excellent 'Diccionario Tecnológico Inglés-Español' of N. Ponce de Leon has already reached its ninth *entrega* or number, and with it the word 'lamp.' It is indeed a 'lamp to our feet,' and promises to be a true 'light' to the technologically inclined.

—Mark Twain is suing Estes & Lauriat for cataloguing his new book, 'Huckleberry Finn,' at \$2.25, when they knew the price to be \$2.75. He claims that their object is to hurt the sale of the book, which is not yet published.

—The memorial statue and tablet which certain actors and literary people have had designed in memory of Poe has arrived in this city from Italy, and will soon be erected. The inscription on the tablet was written by Mr. William Winter.

—At the Second Annual Meeting of the Modern Languages Association at Columbia College, on Monday, thirteen letters of Jean Paul Richter were read by President Carter of Williams College. 'I obtained these letters,' said he, 'many years ago, and believe they have never been published. In 1796 Richter was living with his mother. They were very poor, and he was writing for bread. He wrote in the kitchen, and composed his beautiful and interesting works to the music of rattling dishpans and dishes. An idealist himself, he lived among prosaic persons. Two of these letters are to Frau Von Kalb, the rest to Frau Kropf. They show that he, like Goethe, was a favorite with the ladies. Frau Kropf, a married lady of twenty-seven, made an impression on Richter, which might have led to serious results had it not been for the counter influence of Frau Von Kalb. Richter's ideas of love were, if not commendable, very curious.' Prof. Boyesen offered a resolution to the effect that an acquaintance with the French or German language should be considered equivalent to the knowledge of Greek necessary for admission to college. The proposition was rejected. At Tuesday's session Professor Brandt, of Hamilton College, read a paper on the extent to which purely scientific grammar may enter into the instruction of ordinary college classes, and how far the latest results of scientific research may be embodied in textbooks. The Association adjourned after re-electing President Carter, of Williams College, President; Professor A. M. Elliott, Johns Hopkins University, Secretary; and Dr. B. F. O'Connor, Columbia College, Treasurer. The Executive Committee are Professors Walter, Hoop, Du Pont, Joynes, J. H. Harrison, Fortier, Bancroft, Bocher and H. S. White. An Editorial Committee was appointed, consisting of Professors March, Brandt and Boyesen.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 857.**—1. Please name two of Balzac's best novels and also of those of Dumas, *filz*. 2. Is it not admitted that Washington's Farewell Address was the work of Alexander Hamilton? 3. Can you instance other novels, where, as in 'By Proxy,' the episode of substituting one person for another occurs? I can only recall 'Ivanhoe' as one such, but am told there are many more. 4. Please explain the following, from 'Vice Versa': 'At Cambridge he had contrived to evade the uncoveted wooden spoon by just two places.' 5. What American college has the best course in English literature? 6. Give the authorship of

That halting slave, who in Nicopolis  
Taught Arrian, etc.

XENIA, ILL.

J. B. B.

[Of Balzac's works, the two which rank highest with his own countrymen are 'Eugénie Grandet' and 'César Birotteau'; of the Younger Dumas, 'La Dame aux Camélias' (on which are founded the play of 'Camille' and the opera of 'La Traviata') and 'L'Affaire Clemenceau'. 2. No; not now. It used to be thought that Hamilton was the author; but Sparks found the original draught—in substance—of the Address, in the hand-writing of Washington. This the President submitted to Hamilton, who put it into shape. Then Washington revised it, altered, added, and omitted, and that made the Address as published. There was an earlier draught made at Washington's request by Madison, which was also sent to Hamilton for his consideration and emendation. In fact, the Address was the result of the mental incubation of the three men; but, though Washington availed himself of the suggestions of his two friends, the Address, in its final form, was essentially his own. This is now the accepted understanding of the question. 4. The Wooden Spoon is the last of the Junior Optimes, the lowest class in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. 5. At Columbia, Yale, and Harvard, they make special efforts in this direction, the two latter being particularly rich in every sort of help; but Harvard, we believe, is the only college where the student may, if he wishes, bend all his studies towards the mastery of any one literature. The classics are generally considered the best preparation for a thorough understanding of the English language and literature.]

**No. 858.**—Can any one put me in the way of finding a book or pamphlet comparing the Incarnation of Christ with the alleged Incarnations of Buddha? I saw it advertised a long time ago.

FRANKLIN, PA.

H. L. Y.

**No. 859.**—1. Is there a journal, published in the United States, devoted exclusively to science and the scientific questions of the age? 2. What foreign review treats of the sociological and politico-economical questions of the time?

NEW EGYPT, N. J.

W. J. HENDERSON.

[1. *The Popular Science Monthly*, *Science*, and *The Scientific American*. Address, New York. 2. We know of no English or foreign review that discusses these subjects exclusively.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 824.**—You do not relieve the embarrassment of how to address a letter to a lady when ignorant of whether she is married or single. I have a letter of importance from a lady, and I am non-plussed at the start. I do not know whether to say 'Dear Madam,' 'Dear Mrs. Brown,' or 'Dear Miss.' There should be an accepted rule. Let the lady-writer place in parenthesis after her name (Miss) or (Mrs.).

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

JOHN S. CUNNINGHAM.

[You are always safe in saying 'Dear Madam,' whether your correspondent be a matron or a maid.]

**No. 843.**—Mayhew's 'London Labor and London Poor' has incidentally much information on the influence of women's and children's work on wages. It was published in London about twenty-five or thirty years ago, and although now quite an old work, is still valuable to the student of social science. Your correspondent can doubtless find useful dates in the British Parliamentary reports published from time to time during the past forty years.

NEW YORK CITY.

W.

**No. 851.**—There is a legend of the meeting of the 'Wise Men,' and it may be found in the 'Book of Sir John Maundeville.' If 'Two Seekers' desire it, and will send me their address, I shall be happy to furnish them with a copy of the legend as it is there given.

WARWICK, CHESTER CO., PENN.

E. G. KEENE.

**No. 851.**—I find in my Lord Lindsay's 'History of Christian Art,' page xlvii, that the names of the Magi or Wise Men were 'Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar, the first sixty, the second forty, and the third twenty years of age; that they were of kingly, or at least of princely, rank; that, starting from three different points and travelling apart, they met, notwithstanding, at the same moment at the spot where three roads joined, and thus proceeded together to Jerusalem.' His Lordship gives this as taken 'from the Second Homily on the First Chapter of S. Matthew, in a Commentary by an uncertain author (but a Latin and an Arian, flourishing at the end of the Sixth or beginning of the Seventh Century), printed among the spurious works of S. Chrysostom, edit. Benedict 1718, tom. 6, p. xxviii. at the end of the volume.'

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

WM. S. MEAD.